

4. Mark'd ye his words? he would not take ſ Crown,
Therefore 'tis certaine, he was not Ambitious.

1. If it be found ſo, ſome will deere abide it.
2. Poore ſoule, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3. There's not a Nobler man in Rome then *Antony*.
4. Now marke him, he begins againe to ſpeake.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of *Caſar* might
Haue ſtood againſt the World: Now lies he there,
And none ſo poore to do him reuerence.
O Maſters! If I were diſpos'd to ſtirre
Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,
I ſhould do *Brutus* wrong, and *Caiſius* wrong:
Who (you all know) are Honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather chooſe
To wrong the dead, to wrong my ſelfe and you,
Then I will wrong ſuch Honourable men.
But heere's a Parchment, with the Seale of *Caſar*,
I found it in his Cloſet, 'tis his Will:
Let but the Commons heare this Teſtament:
(Which pardon me) I do not meane to reade,
And they would go and kiſſe dead *Caſars* wounds,
And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;
Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,
And dying, mention it within their Willes,
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie
Vnto their iſſue.

4. Wee'l heare the Will, reade it *Marke Antony*.

All. The Will, the Will; we will heare *Caſars* Will.

Ant. Haue patience gentle Friends, I muſt not read it.
It is not meete you know how *Caſar* lou'd you:
You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:
And being men, hearing the Will of *Caſar*,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
'Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,
For if you ſhould, O what would come of it?

4. Read the Will, wee'l heare it *Antony*:
You ſhall reade vs the Will, *Caſars* Will.

Ant. Will you be Patient? Will you ſtay a-while?

I haue o're-ſhot my ſelfe to tell you of it,
I feare I wrong the Honourable men,
Whoſe Daggers haue ſtabb'd *Caſar*: I do feare it.

4. They were Traitors: Honourable men?

All. The Will, the Teſtament.

2. They were Villaines, Murderers: the Will, read the Will.

Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will:
Then make a Ring about the Corpes of *Caſar*,
And let me ſhew you him that made the Will:
Shall I deſcend? And will you giue me leaue?

All. Come downe.

2. Deſcend.

3. You ſhall haue leaue.

4. A Ring, ſtand round.

1. Stand from the Hearſe, ſtand from the Body.

2. Roome for *Antony*, moſt Noble *Antony*.

Ant. Nay preſſe not ſo vpon me, ſtand farre off.

All. Stand backe: roome, beare backe.

Ant. If you haue teares, prepare to ſhed them now.

You all do know this Mantle, I remember
The firſt time euer *Caſar* put it on,
'Twas on a Summers Euening in his Tent,
That day he ouercame the *Nervi*.
Looke, in this place ran *Caiſius* Dagger through:
See what a rent the enuious *Caiſius* made:
Through this, the wel-beloued *Brutus* ſtabb'd,
And as he pluck'd his curſed Steele away:

Marke how the blood of *Caſar* followed it,
As ruſhing out of doores, to be reſolu'd
If *Brutus* ſo vnkindely knock'd, or no:
For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Caſars* Angel.
Iudge, O you Gods, how deere *Caſar* lou'd him:
This was the moſt vnkindeſt cut of all.
For when the Noble *Caſar* ſaw him ſtab,
Ingratitude, more ſtrong then Traitors armes,
Quite vanquiſh'd him: then burſt his Mighty heart,
And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,
Euen at the Baſe of *Pompeyes* Statue
(Which all the while ran blood) great *Caſar* fell.
O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?
Then I, and you, and all of vs fell downe,
Whilſt bloody Treason flouriſh'd ouer vs.
O now you weepe, and I perceiue you feele
The dint of pittie: Theſe are gracious dropes.
Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold
Our *Caſars* Veſture wounded? Looke you heere,
Heere is Himſelfe, marr'd as you ſee with Traitors.

1. O pitteous ſpectacle!

2. O Noble *Caſar*!

3. O wofull day!

4. O Traitors, Villaines!

1. O moſt bloody fight!

2. We will be reueng'd: Reuenge
About, ſeeke, burne, fire, kill, ſlay,
Let not a Traitor liue.

Ant. Stay Country-men.

1. Peace there, heare the Noble *Antony*.

2. Wee'l heare him, wee'l follow him, wee'l dy with him.

Ant. Good Friends, ſweet Friends, let me not ſtirre
To ſuch a fodaine Flood of Mutiny:
They that haue done this Deede, are honourable,
What priuate griefes they haue, alas I know not,
That madethem do it: They are Wiſe, and Honourable,
And will no doubt with Reaſons answer you.
I come not (Friends) to ſteale away your hearts,
I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;
But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man
That loue my Friend, and that they know full well,
That gaue me publike leaue to ſpeake of him:
For I haue neyther writ nor words, nor worth,
A ſtion, nor Vtterance, nor the power of Speech,
To ſtirre mens Blood. I onely ſpeake right on:
I tell you that, which you your ſelues do know,
Shew you ſweet *Caſars* wounds, poore poore dum mouths
And bid them ſpeake for me: But were I *Brutus*,
And *Brutus* *Antony*, there were an *Antony*
Would ruffe vp your Spirits, and put a Tongue
In euery Wound of *Caſar*, that ſhould moue
The ſtones of Rome, to riſe and Mutiny.

All. Wee'l Mutiny.

1. Wee'l burne the houſe of *Brutus*.

3. Away then, come, ſeeke the Conſpirators.

Ant. Yet heare me Countrymen, yet heare me ſpeake

All. Peace hoe, heare *Antony*, moſt Noble *Antony*.

Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath *Caſar* thus deſeru'd your loues?
Alas you know not, I muſt tell you then:
You haue forgot the Will I told you of.

All. Moſt true, the Will, let's ſtay and heare the Will.

Ant. Heere is the Will, and vnder *Caſars* Seale:

To euery Roman Citizen he giues,
To euery ſeuall man, ſeuenty ſiue Drachmaes.

2. Ple.

2. Ple. Moſt Noble *Caſar*, wee'l reuenge his death.

3. Ple. O Royall *Caſar*.

Ant. Heare me with patience.

All. Peace hoe

Ant. Moreouer, he hath left you all his Walkes,
His priuate Arbors, and new-planted Orchards,
On this ſide Tyber, he hath left them you,
And to your heyres for euer: common pleaſures
To walke abroad, and recreate your ſelues.
Heere was a *Caſar*: when comes ſuch another?

1. Ple. Neuer, neuer: come, away, away:

Wee'l burne his body in the holy place,
And with the Brands fire the Traitors houſes.
Take vp the body.

2. Ple. Go ſetch fire.

3. Ple. Plucke downe Benches.

4. Ple. Plucke downe Formes, Windows, any thing.

Exit Plebeians.

Ant. Now let it worke: Miſcheefe thou art a-foot,
Take thou what courſe thou wilt.
How now Fellow?

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Sir, *Octavius* is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is hee?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Caſars* houſe.

Ant. And thither will I ſtraight, to viſit him:
He comes vpon a wiſh. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will giue vs any thing.

Ser. I heard him ſay, *Brutus* and *Caiſius*

Aerid like Madmen through the Gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had ſome notice of the people
How I had moued them. Bring me to *Octavius*. *Exeunt*

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cinna. I dreamt to night, that I did feaſt with *Caſar*,
And things vnluckily charge my Fantaſie:
I haue no will to wander forth of doores,
Yet ſomething leads me forth.

1. What is your name?

2. Whether are you going?

3. Where do you dwell?

4. Are you a married man, or a Batchellor?

2. Answer euery man directly.

1. I, and brecefely.

4. I, and wiſely.

3. I, and truly, you were beſt.

Cin. What is my name? Whether am I going? Where
do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a Batchellor? Then
to answer euery man, directly and brecefely, wiſely and
truly: wiſely I ſay, I am a Batchellor.

2. That's as much as to ſay, they are fooles that mar-
rie: you'l beare me a bang for that I feare: proceede di-
rectly.

Cinna. Directly I am going to *Caſars* Funerall.

1. As a Friend, or an Enemy?

Cinna. As a friend.

2. That matter is answered directly.

4. For your dwelling: brecefely.

Cinna. Brecefely, I dwell by the Capitoll.

3. Your name ſir, truly.

Cinna. Truly, my name is *Cinna*.

1. Teare him to peeces, hee's a Conſpirator.

Cinna. I am *Cinna* the Poet. I am *Cinna* the Poet.

4. Teare him for his bad verſes, teare him for his bad
Verſes.

Cin.

4. I

name of

3. I

to *Brutus*

and ſom